



SUBSCRIPT

arts • culture • community

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Hey There,

Welcome to the first issue of Subscript, the magazine for the other side of Bozeman. The intent of this (scrappily put together) publication is to try and highlight and talk about the parts and places and people that live here but don't get to tell their stories.

Like, if you're a skier or a mountain biker there's 1001 publications and shops and resources set up just for you, but not a single one if you happen to be a graffiti artist. If you are an artist associated with MSU then you got a million different resources available to you, but not if you write comics at Chief Joseph middle school or Bozeman High. If you're a entrepreneur from California who got your start selling collectible nick-naks while sitting at some main street coffee shop then the Bozeman Chronical will run a front page story on you, but if you're a vet with shrapnel in your leg, drinking alone at the Eagles you'd be lucky if they even mention your name. There are a hundred articles and blogs and magazines about what it's like to raise children and live here, but not one about what it like to be transgendered and live in Bozeman.

You can get your name in print if your blue-grass band plays Rock in the River, but if your punk or metal or hip hop band play open mic at the Haufbrau no one's gonna know about it no matter how much it rocked. You can be a legend in this town if you fashion your own skies, but not if you build your own motorcycle. Your story gets told if you buy a mansion on the top of a mountain, but not if you live in a trailer park in the shadow of that mountain.

There's a ton of experiences that get told about people living in this valley, but there's a lot more that don't ever get told. And that's what we'd like to do with this magazine. Tell stories. Talk about art. About music. Stories from this other side of the city.

So we need your help to do it. If you've got a story to tell, please tell it. If you've got art or photography, if you want to interview your favorite local band, or review some obscure book you just finished, or a record you just heard or a movie you just saw, we'd like to publish it.

At this point I can honestly say that we are really looking for anything you got, anything you want to say. Comics, fiction, news, shit we'd be into publishing some interesting research project you just finished. It's not that we're desperate, we just know there's more going on in this town than it sometimes seems and we also know that there are things going on that we don't know about. But we'd like to find out, and we'd like to help you spread the word.

So welcome to our first issue. It came out a few weeks later than we intended but you know, it happens. Right now we're aiming at an issue every three months so the next deadlines gonna be February 28th. You can e-mail us written stuff. Format it to this size paper and it'll save us time and look the way you want it to. Or just send us a word file and we'll make it look as nice as time allows. You can also send us work by post (cuz we're old school like that) to our post office box. Please don't send originals cuz if they get lost or damaged it makes us feel bad. Drop us a note if you have any questions or if you'd like to help us put the next issue together. We're also probably gonna be selling some ad space in the future but as of yet haven't figured out the details, if you're interested get in touch and make an offer.

Anyway, thanks for tuning in. See you in a couple of months.

josh-redd sanchez
Dec/21/2014 1:51 AM



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STAFF / SHIT-WORK

JOSH-REDD SANCHEZ
CONNOR MURNION
NIKI MARIE BUETTNER

COVER ART

NIKI MARIE BUETTNER

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P.O. BOX 6086

BOZEMAN, MT 59771

SUBSCRIPT.MAGAZINE@GMAIL.COM

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THOUGHT GARAGE CHOP SHOP

by Connor Murnion

I'm not sure what anyone else calls this place. That it has other names, many other names, I have no doubt. The marks on the concrete walls are proof of its many visitors. The faded garbage on the floor as well, and the footprints in the snow — all point to the human traffic this place sees. Yet I am the only one here for now. No other breath stirs in this air, no other sounds echo but the cars passing outside and my own footsteps. But I am not alone. The walls around me illustrate the living spirit of this place. An expressive tapestry of messages, images, and symbols shift before my eyes. I can almost hear the voices of those who came before reverberating against the walls. What is it they're saying?

I'm not sure what anyone else calls this place, but I call it the Chop Shop. It's not cars that are stolen and disassembled here, though. It's the human psyche. What I see on these cold walls are not just the hastily-scribbled tags, esoteric symbols, and half-covered murals of yesterday. I also see the musings, thoughts, emotions, and

urges of those who left them. They came here, parted out their minds, and chose to leave a fragment sprayed onto the greater whole. Each chunk by itself makes little sense, just as a lone carburetor or radiator doesn't make a car. Take in every piece together and a more complete picture emerges.

I like the word "Shop", too, because it implies some kind of work is being done here. Some kind of repair, tinkering, rebuilding, or modifying. The same stencil can be found in multiple places, oriented differently here or sprayed with a different color there. Because the walls are already covered, the Chop Shop is amateur-friendly. Artists can come here to work out the kinks in a design, or try entirely new ones, without feeling too exposed.

The graffiti here is a very different form of expression as compared to what we find just a block away on Main Street. On Main Street we find clear glass windows displaying the latest must-have products, mute mannequins sporting this season's trendiest scarves, and inviting diners

with just enough ethnic diversity to keep us isolated Montanans happy. While these are all valid forms of human expression, they are also used to get you to buy shit. Main Street is, among other things, a consumer trap. There are ulterior motives for its art.

Down here in the Chop Shop things are a little clearer. I'm more at ease here despite the grime and darkness because I'm not being constantly harassed to buy more shit that I don't need. I don't walk away from the Chop Shop with anything more or anything less, at least materially. All that is required of me here is to be present. This place isn't about losing or gaining or trading – it is about existing, which is much trickier but at least requires nothing other than a willingness to reflect. I may absorb what plasters the walls around me but I may not buy it to keep as my own. I wouldn't want to, anyway, because none of it belongs to me. It belongs to the space, and the space has its own character apart from my individual concerns.

You certainly don't come down here to chat with the neighbors and get the talk of the town. That is the function of Main Street, and one that it does well. Let me be clear in saying that this community feeling Main Street gives should not be understated – I'm quite fond of the place despite its commercial mask. But the Chop Shop is equally

endearing to me precisely because it doesn't play by the same rules that Main Street does. If you want your art shown on Main Street, it probably has to be making money for someone, either through direct sales or an increase in foot traffic. In the Chop Shop, on the other hand, your art is on display only if it is recent, relevant, or both.

The walls of the Chop Shop show you first the work that's been done most recently. The most obvious way to have your work seen in the Chop Shop is to cover up something else that is already there. Similarly, your work will be inevitably covered by newer pieces after you leave. The most recent art in the Chop Shop is buoyed up by older, submerged works. This causes a communal mural that is constantly regenerating, an ever-shifting landscape that changes every time you come back to it. This rejuvenating property makes the art here seem both ancient and young.

The other factor which influences the life-span of any

Chop Shop work is its relevance. What I mean by this is the value of any contribution *as determined by everyone else who comes after you*. This means that it doesn't necessarily matter how much time and effort you put into a piece. If no one else appreciates it, it'll get covered up to make way for newer works. On the other hand, even the simplest tag or message could last a long time on the walls if it resonates with the other artists sharing the space. This is less a reflection on the quality of an individual's work and more a property of any popular selection system: that which is *most liked* wins, not necessarily what is *best*. While such a system might, perhaps foolishly, choose to ignore some work of real merit, it does tell you what the mentality of the group using the space is like. In this way individual works can stand out, but you can also get a more emergent, Gestalt view of what the *space* is saying at any time.

What is it, then, that the Chop Shop tells me through its myriad voices?

I hear the rattling of a locked cage; the yawning of bored captives; the straining of unstretched wings; the fumbling laughter of a newborn; a violent song whose voice is seldom heard.

There is a real sense of loneliness here. One message reads, "I was here but you will never know me."

While this

sentiment is very liberating in the anonymity it expresses, it is also profoundly lonely. I imagine the person writing it to be thrilled by the mere act of leaving some trace of herself behind, yet at the same time acutely aware of the solitude in such an act.

When we leave our art behind us, it is an act of deliberate separation. It is true that if we never express anything, preferring to keep it safe inside, then we stunt our growth as people. Still, parting with a dear thought or emotion can be painful. It leaves one exposed. Thus, to willfully expose oneself requires self-confidence and/or a supportive community. One must feel like he isn't being judged.

The fact that all this art around me is, in a way, dispossessed – that is, no author can be tied to it – may shed light on the motivation for leaving it here. Perhaps the artists visiting their marks on these walls only felt comfortable doing so anonymously. Isolation can breed



these kinds of furtive urges. If one doesn't feel accepted or supported, he is unlikely to boldly express himself. He is much more likely to leave his work in, say, a dingy half-underground parking garage, especially one that already provides its tacit approval of him by the sheer amount of other work on its walls.

A poem further down the wall by one "Spirit Rose" echoes this frustration with not feeling accepted. "I disagree with judgment," it reads. "No two individuals are exactly alike... I am me, I am alone. For this judgment I still have no home of my own." Whether the author was actually homeless or otherwise just feeling disowned is unclear. Regardless, one may still feel unwelcome even in one's home, to the point where one may *feel* homeless. Judging someone harshly is an act of alienation because it defines her as the "other" and separates her from the acceptance of the group. In this case, the one being judged found it easier to rely on his/her self rather than conform to the norms of the ones judging.

Even more telling of this sense of individuality are the many inverted crosses painted throughout the Chop Shop. These are symbols of Satanism, a set of beliefs which admire the rebellious archangel as an icon of free will, independence, and enlightenment. Satanists generally don't take for granted the norms that society at large follow, preferring instead to rely on their own resources as individuals. Some Satanic sects, such as the Order of the Nine Angles, require members to spend prolonged periods of isolation in wilderness areas (according to the Wiki page, at least). Far from being shy and insecure, then, perhaps some of the artists here willingly choose solitude. Maybe it's not that they fear having a large audience but actually do not want one.

That being said, the "edgy" fringe of pop culture has, at this point, adopted the inverted cross as a symbol of youthful rebellion. And there is an undeniable presence of young minds in the Chop Shop. Amateur tags, passionate pleas for freedom, feelings of alienation and isolation – all are typical of the existential angst felt by teens and twenty-somethings. Not that this makes them any less potent, but I can imagine too perfectly a sulky high schooler coming here to vent his frustration on the mute walls, close enough to Main Street to feel risky but far enough from any prying eyes to be in any real danger of discovery.

There is something of our ancestors here, too. The cave-painting instinct is still intact but transposed to our modern, urban culture. Perhaps, regardless of age, we are drawn to caves of any sort as a reaction to stress. They are grounded, safe places after all, easily protected against the threats of the outside world. We've been coming to cave walls for hundreds of years to express ourselves in comfort. Maybe it's only natural, then, that we find such distressed messages here.

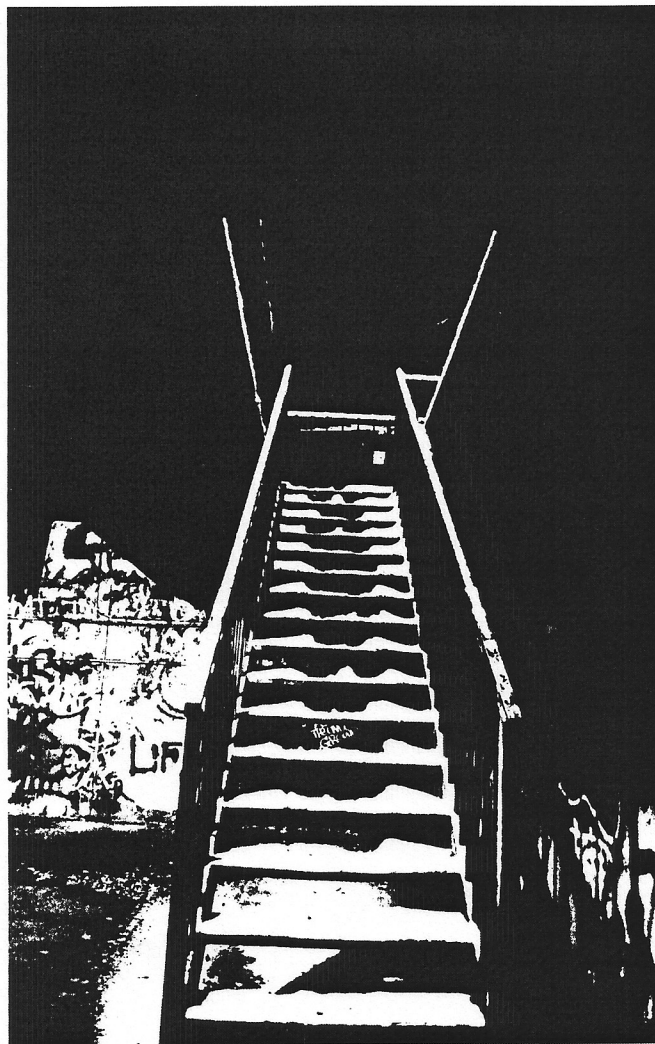
Taken together, what do all these musings create? What would be an appropriate title for this whole canvas?

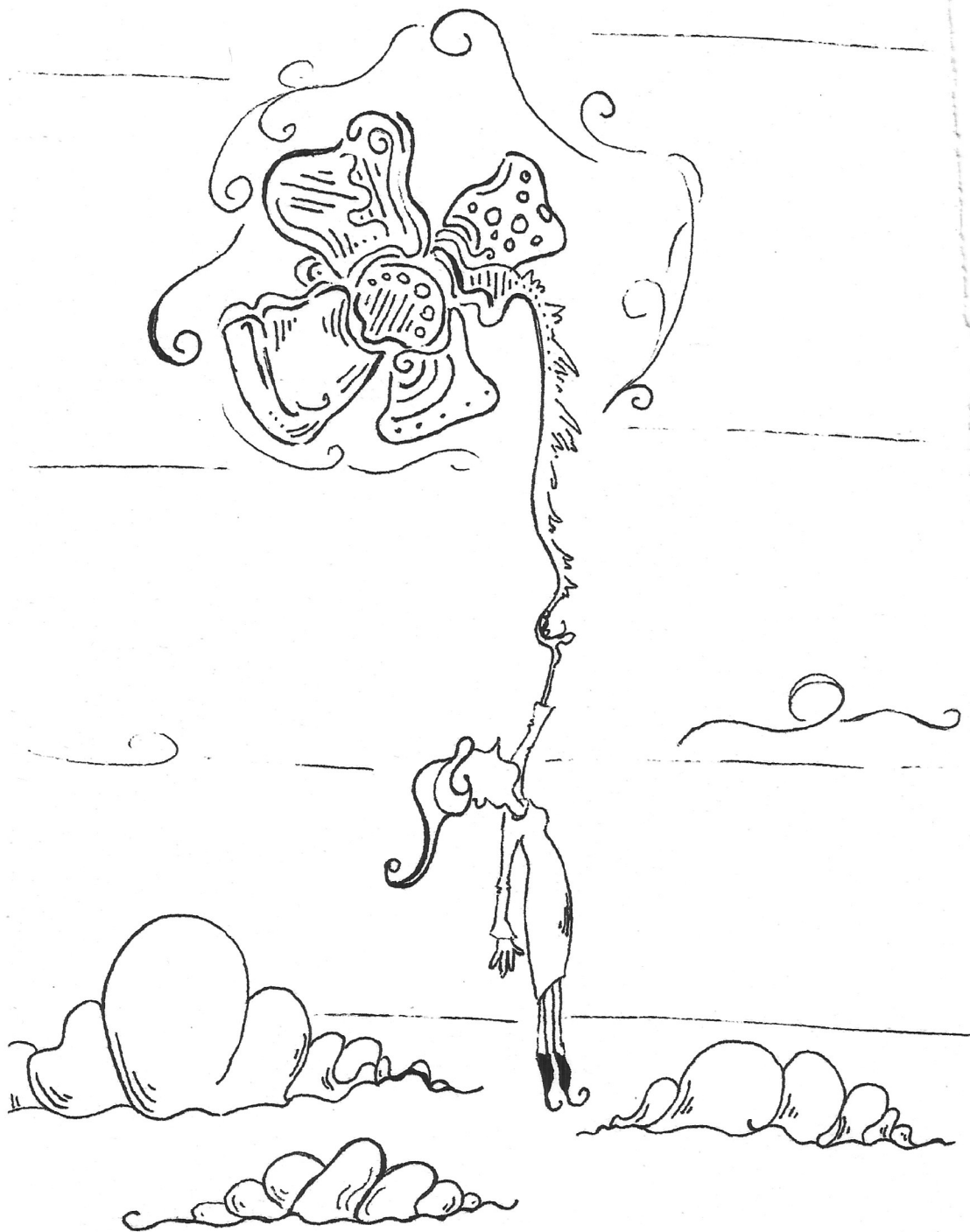
"The Pain of Becoming"

But I encourage you to come and see what you feel

for yourself. As with any work whose meaning is ambiguous (or, in this case, imposed), what one gets out of it is largely a reflection of oneself. Does that mean any meaning we assign is less valid, especially since the artists here couldn't all have knowingly collaborated? I don't think so because, while the artists may not have been linked in time, they *are* linked in space. Even if the piece next to yours was made ten years ago, it's still there to influence you as you work. While every individual came here to express themselves, they couldn't help but paint onto a laden canvas. Whatever meaning one pulls from this may be self-referential, but it is at least in response to a real stimulus.

I've spent a good session down here in the gloom of the Chop Shop. It's given me a lot to think about, a lot to *feel* about. But the cold is starting to seep through my clothes and my eyes have adjusted to the dark. Having drunk my share of solitude, I shake off the closeness of the Chop Shop and climb the stairs back into the wide-open winter night.





11.9.14

nathan norby



niki buettner

Why do....

ONLY LOSERS VOTE.

At last I had a good reason to vote. For the first two elections that took place while I've been living in Montana I hadn't even bothered to register. But when the police wanted to build a new center on Rouse, I felt like I should let my voice be heard cuz see, I do not like the police.

So I'm standing in line on Election Day trying to register first and then vote. (Which I might add was another item on the ballot, the ability to register on the same day that the election is being held.) So I'm standing in line right, there're maybe a hundred people in line with me and just a sea of Patagonia and North Face jackets as far as the eye can see. I mean just a room full of honky death-culture. And I'm there just because I don't think the police need more stuff to protect these crackers from having there's stuff stolen and vandalized, and I'm wondering, where all the criminals at?

Where's the criminal element? How come all the interesting people in town are missing from this democracy? Where are all the drug using musicians, and the graffiti artists? I mean it seems to me that the best way to not get caught for say shoplifting liquor is to have a police force that is busy enough that they don't have time to arrest you for petty theft. An over employed police force just means that there are way too many cops on the street to actually having anything useful to do so they start enforcing stupid "crime" like skate boarding, and ditching high-school, and spray painting overpasses and dealing drugs. An over worked police force just doesn't have time to say stop and arrest you for an old warrant from an open intoxic ticket you got five years ago, they got shit to do. They got actual crime to solve. They're not running around trying to keep people from smoking in bars, or "gasp" smoking outside of bars but with a drink in hand. So it seemed to me that if the cops are asking for something, and you get a vote, it's a self-defense vote, and that's why I showed up even though I had better things to do. So where was everyone else?

Listen, if only people who are against drugs vote, anti-drug laws tend to get passed. If only anti-graffiti snobs vote, then only professional (boring) art gets put up on walls. If only cop callers vote, then the cops tend to get called, which inevitably ruins parties, and lives on occasion.



**I'm a Graffiti
Artist and I ~~Vote~~**

Alright, and I know the scum fucks of the world have got better things to do, but the polling places don't close till like eight P.M. which is usually plenty of time to sleep off whatever narcotics are floating around in your system, so you can still get up supper late in the day, vote, and make it to the liquor store with plenty of time to spare. Voting with a hangover is fun. Or fuck it, just being a flask and drink while in line. Or better yet stay up all night breaking the law and be one of the first to vote with all the old people, the worse you smell the funnier it is.

You can be a counter-productive member of society and still make your voice be heard. Degenerates unite! Fuck the squares!

Cut in line, vote more than once, stick it to the man.

Before they can stick it to you.

-J.R.S.



niki buettner

Hell Yeah: Dead Prez, Countermapping, and Resistance

Jeff Bartos¹

A lily-white nuclear family in a white minivan drives around Miami, seeing the sights. Mom drives while Dad fumbles with a road map. They are clearly lost. After a right turn, they wind up in a black ghetto, where five black men promptly car-jack them, ejecting the family into the ghetto and leaving with the minivan. The newly motorized black guys pop in a hip-hop CD, and the music video for Dead Prez's *Hell Yeah* begins. Throughout the video, the rappers demonstrate their ways of surviving as dirt-poor inhabitants of a black ghetto in the postmodern service-industry based capitalist state. They orchestrate identity theft, pizza theft, workplace theft, welfare fraud, and other capers, because "I'm homeless, jobless, times is hard, I'm 'bout hopeless, But I gotta eat regardless." What the law regards as illegal is a means of survival for the black community, a resistance to their subordinated position within the system. At the end of the video, the cops and FBI break into their squat in the slums, and arrest the men. What *Hell Yeah* demonstrates is the complex web of surviving in a hostile space, through networks of resistance that involve numerous, cooperating and competing nodes. To rob the pizza delivery guy, a "White boy in the wrong place at the right time," the four friends use a phonebook, an illicit .25 pistol, a dark alley, and the commercial delivery service of Domino's--nodes in a network.²

People resist in diffuse ways. It can be anything from foot-dragging under conditions of slavery, chattel or otherwise, to alternative economies, armed resistance, or pilfering from the economic system. Each act of resistance is interdependent on a host of other acts, forming a resistance network. Guerrilla fighters depend on food stolen or illicitly grown in the same way they depend on rifles and bombs. Actions of resistance can be imagined on an X-Y axis, with the X-axis indicating the level of violence, and the Y-axis indicating the spectrum of engagement from direct

or active to indirect or passive (see figure 1 below). Resistance does not, however, occur in a vacuum. It occurs in a complex environment that the resisters understand, interpret, and interact with for survival. Mapping is a "cognitive artifact"³ for understanding an environment, a spatial conception. Countermaps, whether physical or mental, engage in a conversation with the resister to transform a hostile space into places of resistance (figure 2). Therefore, countermaps are ideas and imaginations of vernacular and fugitive landscapes that enable the networks of survival and resistance.⁴

What are people resisting? James Scott argues that a high-modernist ideology, intent on legibility and control, centralizes knowledge and decisions, and therefore the power to manipulate a complex environment that the centralized power cannot simplify. These attempts at improving the human condition and making "a society legible" have severe ramifications, often ending in catastrophe. Drawing heavily on Scott's work, Raymond Craib examines the imposition of the Mexican nation-state under Porfirio Díaz through top-down cartography practices, and the resulting dispossession and discontent of the peasantry. Similarly, Thongchai Winichakul argues that the administration of the Thai state consolidated its borders through state cartography and internal colonization, at the expense of the autonomy of the smaller chiefdoms and tributaries within the constructed borders of modern Thailand. These three works offer a view of the spectrum of state imposition in the late nineteenth and early twentieth century.⁵

Nearly a hundred years later, the neoliberal economic regime, also known as the Washington Consensus, imposed its normative notions of property and trade on much of the world. Benjamin

¹ This work is licensed as a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 4.0 International. Jeff Bartos reads way too much history.

² Dead Prez, *Hell Yeah*, YouTube music video, 6:21, Sony BMG Music Entertainment, 2004, posted by deadprezVEVO, <http://youtu.be/kGjSq4HqP9Y>.

³ Jeff Bartos, comp., *Conversations with Alexander Aston*, vol. 5 (Bozeman, MT: South Tenth Press, 2014), 978. This is clearly a facetious footnote. Facetiously is also the only word in the English language with all of the vowels in order.

⁴ For a discussion of fugitive landscapes, see Raymond Craib, *Cartographic Mexico: A History of State Fixations and Fugitive Landscapes* (Durham: Duke University Press, 2004), 12, 55-90.

⁵ James Scott, *Seeing Like a State: How Certain Schemes to Improve the Human Condition Have Failed* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1998), 2-5; Craib, *Cartographic Mexico*, 10-11 and chapter 4; Thongchai Winichakul, *Siam Mapped: A History of the Geo-Body of a Nation* (Honolulu: University of Hawai'i Press, 1994), 13, chapters 3 and 4.

Orlove argues that peasant reed-cutters on Lake Titicaca mapped their land and lake to resist the imposition of a state natural reserve that would limit the harvesting of reeds, their economic mainstay, in favor of attracting tourism or other sources of foreign direct investment. In solidarity with the peasants of Nicaragua and Belize, geographers Joel Wainwright and Joe Bryan used the emerging technologies of GIS and GPS to fix indigenous property rights in the eyes of the neoliberal legal state, in what they call “the cartographic-legal strategy.” The forces creating the hostile space are by no means monolithic: there is not one cookie-cutter state systematically dispossessing its subaltern population (despite the wishes of some on the political right). A culturally and economically hegemonic network of power, a *state-corporate nexus*, instead appropriates local autonomy and knowledge. As Raymond Craib cogently argues, “The invisible hand of the market has always required the long arm of the state to ensure a long reach and a firm grip.”⁶

In resisting the state-corporate nexus, countermaps transform hostile space (figure 3) into places of resistance. Thongchai discusses the creation of state maps as forming spatial reality and representation. Basically, a state cartographer surveys the space, represented by the awkward Venn-diagram looking thing in the middle of the figure. He then conceptualizes the terrain in light of his objective and turns it into a map. This process filters into the population, whose knowledge of reading a state map interacts with their planned uses for the map. Each translation of the spatial reality “from object to signs and from signs to the reader’s conception involve[s] an interpretive process,” transforms the map and the conception of space. When resistance cartography enters the discussion, it complicates the narrative of spatial reality through a state map. The resistance cartographer, working from a subordinated position, uses the state-corporate map, local knowledge, and resistance networks in forming her counter-map. Then, the countermap enters the resistance network as a means of understanding its various nodes and

components. Tired of postmodern abstraction yet?⁷

Sima Fiterson, a Belarusian teenage girl, serves as an example of a resistance cartographer. Following Operation Barbarossa, the Nazis occupied Belarus, and subjected its capital, Minsk, to genocidal policies including mass executions, starvation, and the use of “Soul Destroyers,” trucks specially equipped to asphyxiate civilians through a diverted exhaust system. A partisan resistance network fought the Nazis while working to protect friends, neighbors, families, and strangers. As the Nazis specifically targeted Minsk’s Jewish population for death, part of the resistance network smuggled Jewish children out of the ghetto and into the forests. Sima knew the paths out of the ghetto through experience and the local knowledge that the Nazis could not possess; her map was in her head. When leading Jewish children out of the ghetto, she instructed them to follow her at a distance. If they were in danger from a Nazi patrol or hostile partisans, she would begin playing with a ball, a visible signal for the other children to hide immediately. The hostile space for the Jewish children, created by the fascist invasion, transforms into a place of resistance and survival, based on the spatial knowledge in Sima’s mind.⁸

Jane Jacobs’s form of resistance cartography, while not nearly as direct as Sima Fiterson’s methods, similarly transformed a hostile space into friendly places. Jacobs, through writing and activism, protested the loss of vernacular landscapes of American cities due to state projects. High-modernist architecture stressed massive structures, idle expansive unfriendly concrete common spaces, and strict segregation of the domestic and the industrial. Work was work, and home was austere. While the architectural designs of Le Corbusier often portray a cold city from the air or from a distant vantage, Jacobs narrates her vibrant city “as a pedestrian on her daily rounds.” Community matters. Le Corbusier’s aesthetic was visual, while Jacobs’s was functionalist, an ethnology of social order, “kept by an intricate, almost unconscious network of voluntary controls and standards among the people themselves, and enforced by the people themselves.” By countermapping this local social order, Jacobs advocated for “Diversity, cross-use, and complexity”

⁶ Brian Orlove, “Mapping Reeds and Reading Maps: The Politics of Representation in Lake Titicaca,” *American Ethnologist* 18, no. 1 (Feb 1991), 3-38; Joel Wainwright and Joe Bryan, “Cartography, Territory, Property: Postcolonial Reflections on Indigenous Counter-Mappings in Nicaragua and Belize,” *Cultural Geographies* 16 (2009), 153-178; Craib, *Cartographic Mexico*, 257.

⁷ Thongchai, *Siam Mapped*, 52-53. The genders of my cartographers were arbitrarily assigned.

⁸ Timothy Snyder, *Bloodlands: Europe Between Hitler and Stalin* (New York: Basic Books, 2010) 232-233.

in architectural planning, resisting regimentation for state legibility and control. She favored urban usufruct uses over abstract aerial aesthetics. In this way, she helped transform the hostile, dehumanizing spaces of the cities into networked places of resistance--neighborhoods.⁹

A further means of resisting state cartography does not necessarily involve countermapping, although it is a component. In the process of state cartography (top chain in figure 3), there are several vulnerable links. If a subaltern population is able to disrupt this chain of events, the state map can be delayed or erroneous, therefore useless to the state and powerless over the population. Mexican peasants protected the lands they traditionally used from the cadastral survey through several methods. Often, they pillaged the archives of neighboring pueblos, while protecting their own archive, giving weight to their property claims in the eyes of the liberal bureaucratic state. The villagers also knew enough about "how the survey worked to know that its potential effects could be undermined without resorting to outright confrontation." Pull up a few survey stakes and move a few minor landmarks every night, and the surveyor has to frustratingly start over.¹⁰

Similarly, in Siam, the Siamese state resisted the imperial cartography of France though obstruction and delay, in order to gain a favorable border demarcation. French surveyor Auguste Pavie attempted to map the Upper Mekhong as a French colony, encroaching on territory that the Siamese state wanted. He reports being "hindered or obstructed by Siamese officials," buying time for a Siamese survey to demarcate their version of a border. In frustration, Pavie shouted, "I am very distressed because you inconvenience me... without gain for your side." While the construction of the Thai Geo-Body was a case of resisting European imperialism, it also involved the loss of local autonomy, as "The military decided the extent of territorial sovereignty, and provided the authority under which mapping could be executed, not vice versa. Force defined the space. Mapping vindicated it." While Siam may have won an internationally recognized border, "The losers were those tiny chiefdoms," that Thongchai argues, lost the possibility of "being allowed to exist as they had done

for centuries." Through obstructing Western surveys in favor of their own, Siam may have won international statehood within the liberal order, but it did so through internal colonization.¹¹

These dispossessed small chiefdoms offer a glimpse at a major source of resistance: land reliance. Abstracting the creations of hostile space through state-corporate mapping is relatively easy: it can be a fascist invasion or a nationalist survey team, or some horrific architecture. In economic terms, Marx calls it primitive accumulation, while David Harvey calls it accumulation through dispossession. Still, these are abstractions. In *Politics and the English Language*, George Orwell calls these euphemistic abstractions "the defence of the indefensible." When the state-corporate nexus deprives the peasantry of their usufruct lands, the peasants are "robbed of their farms and sent trudging along the roads with no more than they can carry: this is called *transfer of population* or *rectification of frontiers*," or a cadastral survey. Trudging along the dusty roads or forced to meet their calorie requirements off a smaller parcel of land using prescribed crops, the subaltern's reliance on their lands becomes clear to the observer--it was clear to the peasant community well before the violent dispossession. James Scott calls this deep contextual knowledge and land reliance "know-how (savoir faire or arts de faire), common sense, experience, a knack, or *mētis*," and argues its centrality to resistance and survival in the face of oppression from the state-corporate nexus. Whether the subaltern people are Ukrainian, Tanzanian, indigenous Mexican, Siamese, Belarusian, or "Wherever they's a fight so hungry people can eat," as Tom Joad preached, "Wherever they's a cop beatin' up a guy," their survival is based on their knowledge of the land.¹²

Take another look at figure one. Various forms of resistance are arbitrarily shoved onto an X-Y axis, with a vague attempt at quantifying them based on

¹¹ Pavie is quoted in Thongchai, *Siam Mapped*, 123, see also 126, 129.

¹² Karl Marx, *Das Kapital VIII* (1867; Reprint, New York: Synergy International, n.d.) 350-351; David Harvey, *Seventeen Contradictions and the End of Capitalism* (New York: Oxford University Press, 2014), 60; George Orwell, *Politics and The English Language* (1946; Project Gutenberg Australia, 2003), <http://gutenberg.net.au/ebooks03/0300011h.html#part42>, emphasis in original; Scott, *Seeing Like a State*, 311-319; John Steinbeck, *The Grapes of Wrath* (1939; New York: Penguin, 2006), 419.

⁹ Jacobs is quoted in Scott, *Seeing Like a State*, 135, 132-146.

¹⁰ Craib, *Cartographic Mexico*, 71, 147;

violence and how direct the acts are. There is little to no investigation of where any of these acts happen, nor of the networks that dictate their success or failure. Now, imagine a map of a hostile space--it can be a state map or a countermap--and associate each of those actions with a place of resistance. A sympathetic bureaucrat skims money and steals a utilities map from his workplace. He calls in sick the next day, and gives the map and money to his friend in the ghetto, who publishes a resistance pamphlet in her basement apartment, which she illicitly copies at the school she attends, several blocks down the street. A farmer reads a copy of this pamphlet, and decides to divert some of his harvest into the alternative economy. A bushel of his potatoes gets split into shares, part of which goes into a teenage girl's backpack. On her way out of town, she tags a stop-sign at a prominent intersection so it reads "STOP THE RAIDS." She gives the potatoes, a pamphlet, and the stolen utilities map to her boyfriend, who is a member of a partisan organization. He uses the calories and knowledge, diffused through the resistance network, to sabotage a cell-tower, disrupting the communication network of the state, and enabling an attack on a police convoy on a nearby road, freeing

several political prisoners in transit. None of these imagined acts happened on a bland X-Y axis. Each of these acts, through networks and spatial knowledge, transforms hostile space into places of resistance. Each of these actions mutually enables the other actions in the web.

Dead Prez started this essay, and Dead Prez will see it to its conclusion. During their activities of resistance and survival--what the state considers a crime-spree--the men visit the department of motor vehicles, a mall, a welfare office, a grimy restaurant, a dark alley, and their squat. They interact with a sales clerk, a diner manager, the police, and a sympathetic social worker. They steal, defraud, rob, and carjack, until they are finally arrested by the state. Despite the "hunger pain got me on some migraine shit/But I'm gonna maintain/Nigga got two or three dollars to my name," the four friends exploit the flaws in the system to survive until they get caught, using the nodes in their network, as "doing dirt is a part of living." Indeed, Dead Prez's video is a countermap. Other subaltern populations in the United States could draw ideas and inspiration from the video, add it as a node to their network of resistance, and thereby survive.¹³

¹³ Dead Prez, Hell Yeah.

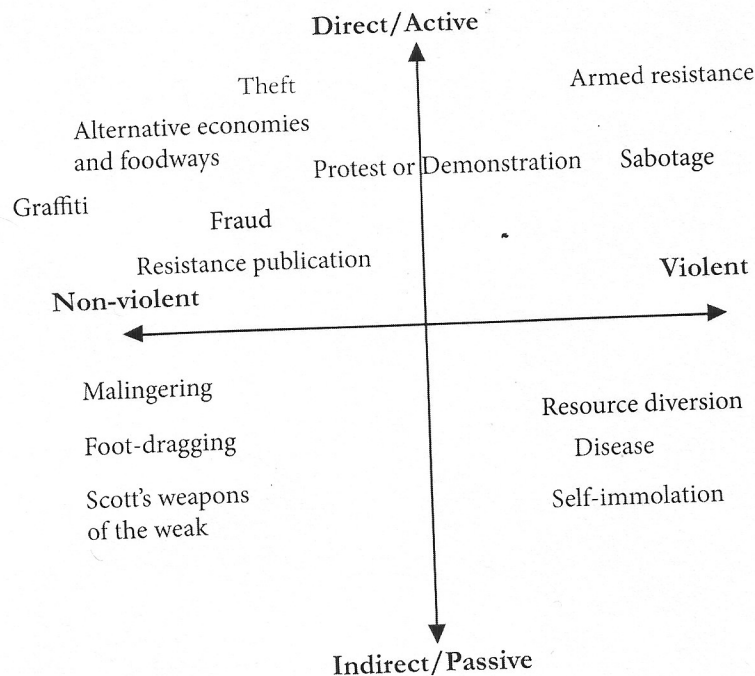


Figure 1: Resistance on a spectrum, with a few examples and their possible locations.

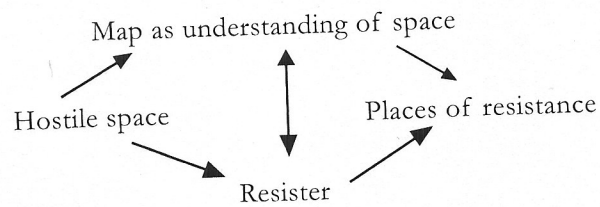


Figure 2: How maps transform a hostile space into a place of resistance. Apologies for all of the arrows.

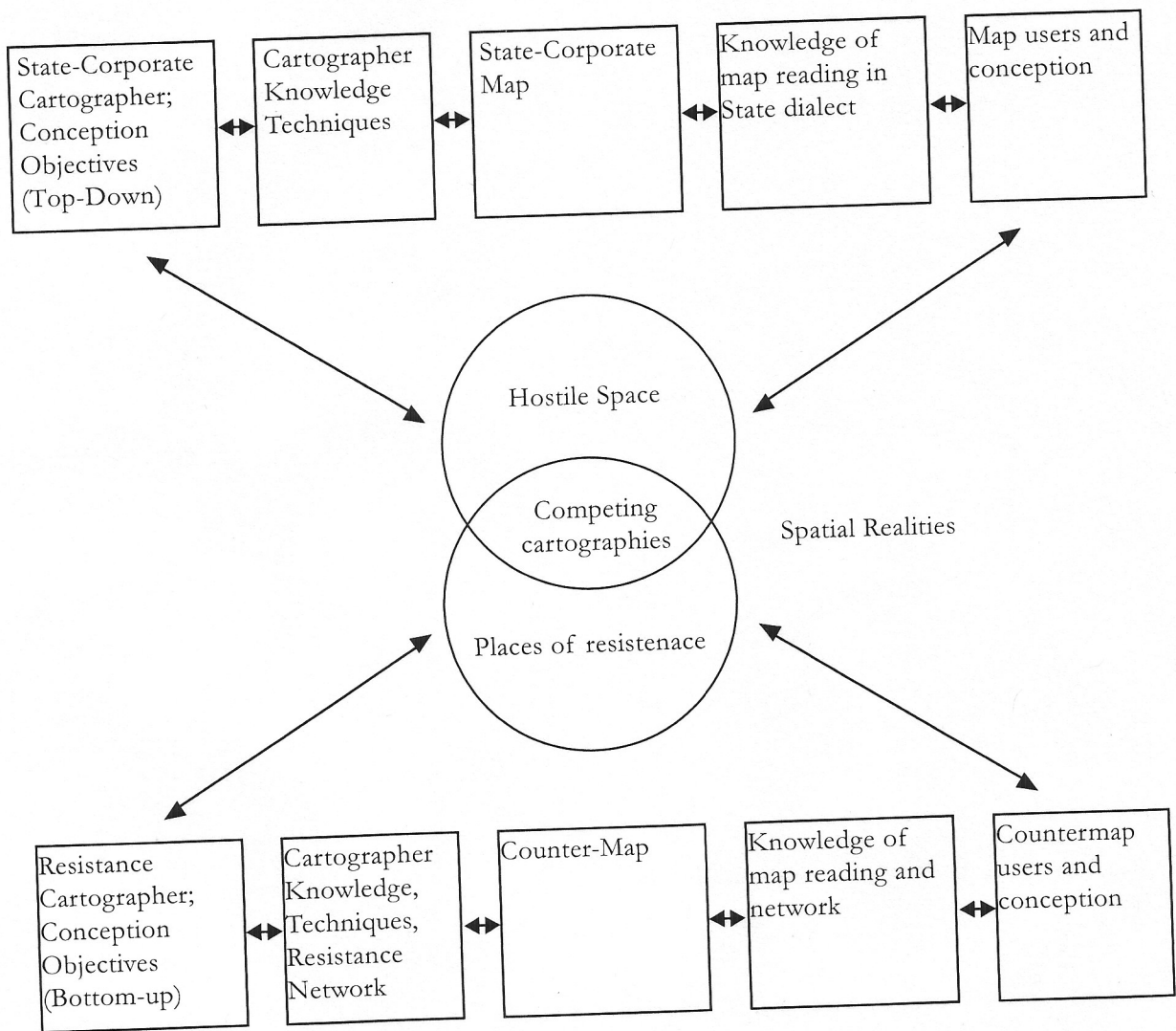
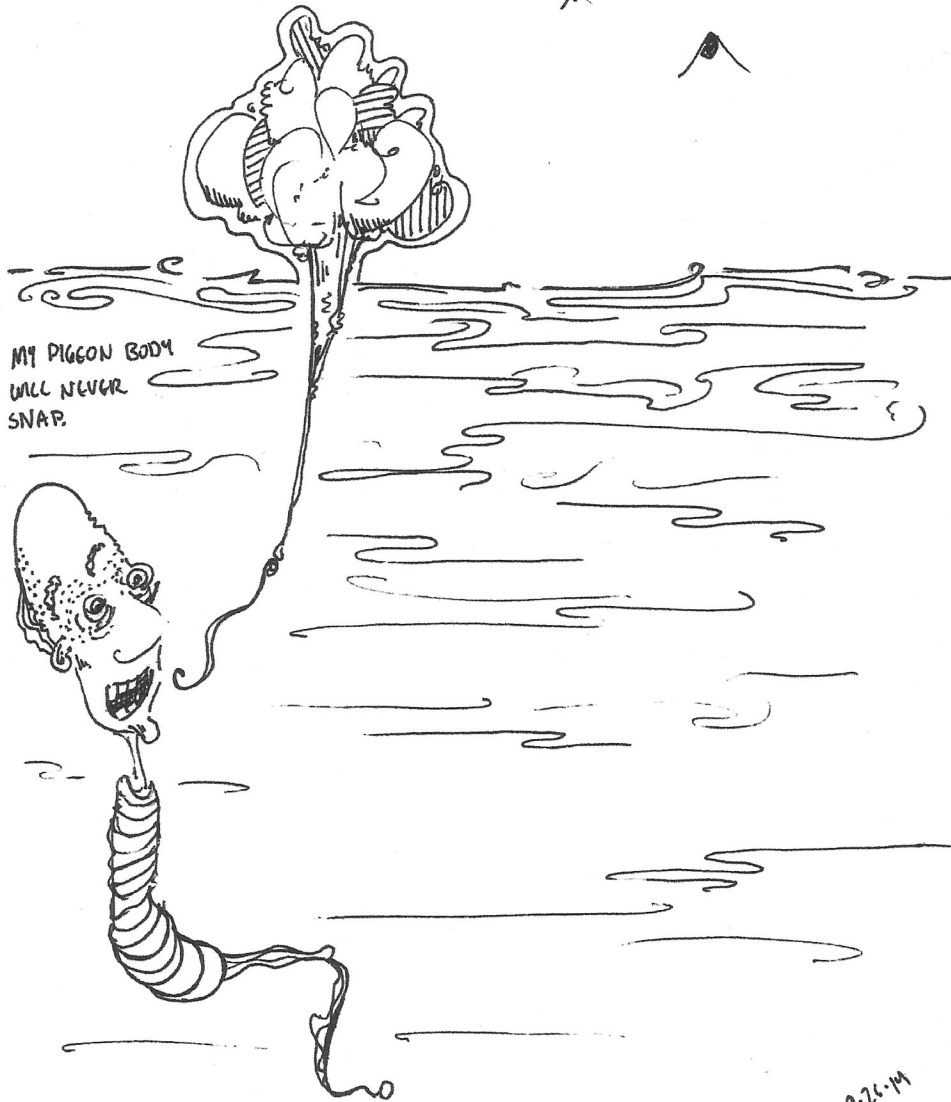


Figure 3: Competitive Cartographies and Contested Spaces, now with more arrows! (Adapted from Thongchai, Siam Mapped, 52)

MY EYES MIGHT BURN
BUT MY SINGS.....
I JUST CAN'T
HELP IT.



MY PIGEON BODY
WILL NEVER
SNAP.

IM GOING TO LIVE FOREVER.

9-26-14

nathan norby



7.2.14

nathan norby

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